McKean Miner.

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SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Gorgeous leaves are whirling down,
Homeward comes the scented hay,
O'er the stubble, sear and brown,
Flaunt the autumn flowers gay;
Ah, alas! summers pass—
Like our joys they pass away.

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I love to lie
'Neath the newly budded trees,
Gazing upwards to the sky;
But, alas! time will pass
And the flowers of spring must die!

Oft my maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone,
Warbled forth from every tree
Ere the meadow hay was mown;
But, alas! summers pass—
Now, I wander all alone!

Love, like summer-time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay;
But upon this autumn air
Floats a voice, which seems to say,
"Love, alas! also pass,
As the summers pass away!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Doctor Floyd.

It was nearly four years since Doctor Floyd had first come to the village, and he still occupied as office and dwelling the rooms he had taken upon his arrival. These were located in the second story of a small building in which was the general store of the neighborhood, and the home of its proprietor, whose good wife daily ascended the staircase to care for the doctor's apartments.

After a few months' struggle his success had been assured, as the thrifty villagers were not slow in discovering that the new doctor had a sound head and a skillful hand. In time, indeed, they employed him to the entire exclusion of crusty Giles and plethoric Bascom, the town physicians, about a mile and a half away.

One bitter night late in December, the doctor having finished his supper at the small hotel opposite, where he took his meals, crossed the road slowly, glancing up at his own windows and contrasting their gloom with the well trimmed and lighted lamps of the store beneath.

He wearily climbed the stairs and let himself into his rooms, whose loneliness more than ever oppressed him.

He had that day seen a face so like the face of one who had been dead—to him—for three sad years. Her brother, so like herself, had suddenly confronted him with outstretched hand and eager cry of recognition.

Lighting the lamp, he shook the snow from his wraps and put them aside with methodic care. The mellow radiance revealed a face both wan and stern, a face clean shaven as a priest's with heavy features, but not coarse; dark, searching eyes, but not sinister, and broad, white forehead hung with heavy blue-black hair. For the rest, the doctor was a man of solid build and middle height, whom you might suppose to have lately entered his thirties. He dropped the curtains, drew a chair to the table and opened a book. But the print grew dim and distant, and he seemed to stand again as he had stood that day at noon, in the streets of the neighboring town, and before him arose, as had then arisen, the face and form of Maurice Brown, bright, handsome Maurice, the brother of the woman he had loved and lost. Again that friendly hand was extended and an earnest young voice—so like her voice of old—rang out in glad surprise: 'Old fellow! You here?' Then Maurice and he had walked and talked in the winter sunlight. And Maurice had spoken of Nelly—that she was now a widow. Floyd had not heard? Ah, yes, her husband had been dead some months. She was fairly well, but her life had been saddened. The baby was her only comfort. The baby! Floyd had started. Nelly's child, and Nelly so little more than a child herself! Then, too, it had seemed almost blasphemous to talk of Nelly's child, when it was not his child—and he had loved her so!

'I cannot talk of her,' he said, abruptly, 'but tell me of yourself, and of your father. Is he well?'

And Maurice had answered that his father was well, and he himself, had been sent out by his employers to represent them through this state.

The doctor had been pleased at this news; he was glad Maurice was doing so well, and so young, scarcely twenty-four, but three years older than Nelly.

Here Floyd arose, and taking a small box from the drawer of the old oaken bookcase, placed it upon the table before him. Searching elsewhere, he found a tiny key, and unlocking the box with his nervous hands, lifted the contents with tender touch.

Here was a picture, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, which he could not touch just yet. It was the picture she had given him four years ago; her sunny, girlish face at seventeen, all rimmed with curls. The picture she had given him ere he started in the wild March weather from their Eastern home to seek a new field, a place wherein to build a seat for his promised wife. He remembered that dreary parting; how cold it was, how blind he grew as he took his last look from the car window at Nelly throwing tearful kisses, and Maurice waving his handkerchief! How his heart had rebelled! How long the time had seemed—how cold! How he had pinched himself from the start, that his little capital might last its longest. He had traveled all night in an ordinary day-car and alighted at his destination before dawn, half awake and shivering. He remembered standing bewildered upon the station platform, trying in an absurd way to put his little satchel on his head in place of his hat, which was under his arm. He remembered having written this, as the comical side, to Nelly, who had taken it dreadfully in earnest, and sent her answer blurred with tears: 'I feel so bad to think you had to be cold and lonesome, dear, dear Julian!'

He had that answer yet among the letters. He took them up in fondness. The superscriptions were all in Maurice's hand. Nelly had always said she could not address an envelope, her writing would 'run up hill.'

Julian still held them tenderly. They were only the simplest of love letters; in one, a lock of chestnut hair—her hair; in another, a pressed flower, a rosebud. Here was one in which she told 'How cross pa was!' Here was another, which mentioned a party and the people who were there. Still another—ah! Julian could never see this without shaking with anger and agony.

'Colonel Bond was at our house last evening; a beau of one of my chums. And, Julian—you must not say anything—but I heard that he had been divorced. Isn't it awful? But he is so jolly. He is neither old nor young; very much of your complexion, that's why I like him. But not as sober as you. He dances beautifully. Dear Julian, you have been gone almost ten months. I wonder if you have changed as much as I have?'

That last sentence had given him an odd, fierce pang. He didn't want her to change. He wanted her always as she used to be—bright, young, winsome, fair-faced, curly headed, willful! He remembered how he had replied: 'My darling, don't say you are changed. I would not have you changed! I have had a severe struggle here, sometimes when clouds were darkest I have almost despaired. But at last light is breaking. And, once we are together, one smile of yours, my darling, one glimpse of your sunny face and dear, bright eyes, one hour of your sweet companionship will repay all!'

And yet her answer had been so brief, so unsatisfactory. 'She was in great haste. Going to drive. And papa was so cross—would not let her attend a party with Colonel Bond. So absurd! Would write again soon.'

Vividly Julian recalled the burning words of devotion and entreaty he had returned, and the anxiety he had endured while waiting—waiting—waiting for her strangely delayed next letter. At last it came.

When he had taken it from the office and had seen the familiar address, his heart gave a great, glad throb; the blood leaped through his veins. He thrust it in his pocket and turned toward his rooms close by. The March blast was no more than a zephyr; the memory of pain and trouble vanished. His weariness fled, he ran swiftly, joyfully up the stairs. Had not the long awaited come? The letter written by her own dear hand and perfumed with her breath!

It all came back to him! The shock, the bewilderment, the whirling room, the agony! Nelly had not written, but her brother had sent a few shamed, sorrowful words, telling that on her eighteenth birthday she had gone secretly away and been married to Colonel Bond. She had even deceived her brother, her all-time confidant. And she had broken faith with her far off lover with scarcely a pang of remorse. 'Tell him,' she had said, in a note to her brother, 'that I was mistaken. I did not intend to be false. He will love somebody else better.'

'Love somebody else better!' with the thought of her haunting him down to his death.

Julian now unwrapped her picture and gazed at the lovely, wayward face. He had never seen her since, save in his dreams, nor had he heard her name until to-day. He was never to see her again; never again to cradle her darling head upon his breast, never to smooth the soft curls from her forehead, never to watch her liquid eyes unclose nor to see her ripe lips part in laughter, never again to hear her sweet girl-voice in speech or song. To him she was dead. He bowed his face above the picture hopelessly.

After a time he was aroused by footsteps. Hastily gathering his treasures and locking them in the box he replaced it in the drawer and turned to answer the knock.

'Maurice!' he cried, with a start.

'Yes,' laughed the visitor, 'Maurice, not a ghost—though I judge by your face you thought so.'

'Perhaps I did. Come in, you are all snow. Is it storming hard? How in the world did you get here?'

Maurice put off his coat with friendly ease.

'Not "how" but "why" did I get here. For love of you. I longed to see you and have a good chat, as of old.'

'As of old,' repeated Floyd, giving his friend the great chair and seating himself by the table.

'It's an awful cold night,' said Maurice, holding his ears; 'I tell you they pain.'

The doctor, rising, opened the window and brought in a handful of dry, crisp snow.

'Rub them with this,' he said. 'I suppose you drove?'

'Yes. I put my horse out at the tavern where I shall stop.'

'Nonsense! You will stop with me.' He went over and poked the fire, which was low, and thrust another stick on the embers, and turned the damper. They talked for some time of old friends at the old home. Presently Maurice remarked: 'You are very comfortably fixed, but you can't intend to stay here always.'

'I don't know. My practice is very good, and I have nothing to call me elsewhere now. It might have been very different—' he broke off and cleared his throat.

'Yes,' said Maurice, 'It might, as I very well know.' Then, with startling abruptness, 'Julian, haven't you forgiven her yet?'

The doctor started.

'Forgiven her? Oh, yes—surely yes—poor child!'

'She has suffered for her folly—suffered enough, I think.'

'In what way?' quickly asked the doctor, with nervous, eager pity, but half concealed.

'In every way. You know Bond was a divorced man, and the divorce was not of his getting. Poor Nelly! While he was faithless to her he was also jealous of her. So his death was a happy release.'

'Do you think'—the doctor's voice trembled—'do you think that she loved him?'

'Loved him?' scornfully, 'no, but then I think she was fascinated for the time being!'

Another pause.

'Did he leave her well provided for?' asked the doctor.

'Very moderately so; a small property, yielding a very small income. She is living with father now. Father is very fond of the baby. When I came away she was thinking some of going to Colorado to visit a cousin. I hope she won't start till spring. I've only had one letter.'

Floyd drew a long breath.

'I have been very severe on her,' continued Maurice; 'the first time we met after her marriage, I forbade her to speak your name. But when I left home she cried piteously. "You are going West, Maurice," she said, "and if ever you meet him, tell him I never forgave myself. Tell him I pray he may always be happy!" I was very sorry for her then, Julian, and very tender to her. I remembered she was my only sister, my same little Nelly!'

The doctor seemed to swallow something with great difficulty, and, rising, walked slowly to and fro.

'Since Bond's death I have sometimes thought,' continued Maurice, closely regarding his old companion, 'that all might yet be well. Time works many changes.'

He paused awkwardly. There was no sound save the crackling of the wood fire and Floyd's footsteps as he still paced the room.

Suddenly Maurice resumed: 'Why should those who love each other remain apart, if no cause, no person, stand between them?'

Another silence.

'Maurice,' said the doctor, with solemn tenderness, 'I understand you, and I love you. But what you are thinking of can never be. I loved your sister; I confess I love her still'—he faltered—'but the past rises between us, an impassable barrier!' He sat down again by the table.

Maurice made no reply, and Floyd went on: 'I could never make her happy, nor be happy myself.'

'Now, Julian, don't talk so; a mere sentiment!' cried Bowen, impulsively, coming over to his friend and gazing down with a wistful expression. 'I saw you to-day, thin, pale, lonesome-looking, and I thought of Nelly's pitiful state. It seemed to me this need not be. Remember, Floyd, that father was very harsh with her! Remember how we had to pinch to get along—father never had much luck, you know. Remember how young she was!'

'Ah, yes, I remembered that long ago, when I forgave her,' Floyd replied, dreamily.

'Well, she is free now—and Bond is dead.'

'I very well realize that he is dead,' said Julian, quietly, 'but there is his child, a living reminder.'

'It would become your child,' Maurice suggested.

Floyd shook his head slowly and smiled faintly.

'I have had a little experience,' he said, 'my mother was a second wife, but my father's children were not her children by any means, nor my brothers and sisters. However, that is not the question. I could not put away the shadow. I have forgiven, but you must not blame me if I have not forgotten.' His voice trembled with agitation.

Maurice wisely now changed the conversation.

'Floyd, do you smoke nowadays? Haven't you a pipe? There's a good deal of comfort in a pipe.'

'I had one,' the doctor answered, his voice still quivering. 'But I haven't used it in a good many evenings—been called out so much.'

'I am glad you were in to-night,' said Maurice, 'glad for myself and for you, too, it's so stormy.'

He mused a little, and then carelessly resumed:

'Julian, you ought to be in a large city; you ought to have money and fame. I think it a shame to hide yourself out here. About how much is your income?'

'I scarcely know. I spend very little. Wealth and fame were dreams of mine four years ago when I started West with my diploma and my young ambition. I don't care for them now. Oh, I have some land and some money in bonds. Perhaps one of these days I shall find myself worth a few thousands.'

'Yes, and you had nothing to commence with.'

'Nothing to speak of. My half-brothers and half sisters saw to that,' he said, with bitterness.

'But now, what's the good of money if you don't ever spend it?' pursued the other.

'Perhaps one of these days I may feel inclined to will something to you—and Nelly.'

'Oh, Julian!'

Floyd went over to the bookcase and rummaged the drawers for pipes and tobacco.

'I think they are here,' said he, as he hunted. 'You see, Maurice,' keeping his face turned away, 'you see I have not lost my love for Nelly, though we may never again meet face to face. I wish you would tell her for me that I think tenderly of her, and if ever she needs a friend——' he stopped abruptly and listened. There was sudden clatter of hoofs and a clamor of voices in the road.

Then the voice of a villager shouted loudly and wildly to him: 'Doctor! Doctor! Floyd! Floyd! quick, for God's sake!'

Quick as a flash he had raised the window and made reply: 'What is it, Gibson?'

'Not a minute—here is a horse—the railroad bridge has just gone down with the express—the people are burning to death!'

'My God!' cried Maurice, shaking with terror.

Floyd was ready in a moment, hat, coat, instruments and medicine-case in hand.

'Maurice,' he said, with a quick command, 'lock the door and follow. Don't come alone—the road's bad—get some one across!'

He tore down stairs and in an instant was in the saddle. 'How long since, Gibson?'

'Not ten minutes.'

Away they sped into the night. The doctor could scarcely hear Gibson's voice for the furious wind which drove the snow most mercilessly into their faces. He could only imagine death and disaster.

He knew the bridge well—an iron structure that had stood every kind of test—across the creek just east of the town.

'Seventy-five feet into eternity!' he groaned.

'Long train!' shouted Gibson; 'two engines—first got over safe, kept the track—but all the rest went down, and all ablaze—they can't get the people out!'

Now they heard the dread clang of the fire bells, and sharper than all, was the bell in the engine-house near the bridge.

Dashing into the frenzied crowd, they alighted. Julian flung his bridle rein to Gibson.

'Come, for God's sake, get the engines to playing on the fire!' he shouted hoarsely.

'Tried it,' some one answered excitedly, 'there's no water—everything frozen up!'

Floyd rushed to the engine house where were gathered those who by a miracle had at first escaped with their lives. Giles and Bascom were already there. 'Anything for me to do? No?' He was out in an instant, and, cleaving his way through the stricken throng, rapidly decended the steep, rugged banks of the chasm.

Brave men were battling desperately with the fire, which enveloped everything and now seemed to forbid approach.

'No use,' some one groaned, 'they are all dead by this!'

Julian heard with a shudder, and cried: 'More axes! more buckets! Break the ice—take snow—let us stop it in some way! Don't give up yet, men, don't give up!'

None worked harder than he. And so they fought the demon through the blinding snow and stinging blast, while the shouts of half-crazed, helpless people rent the air.

Bye-and-bye the flames died sullenly out, as if appeased, and the stouter-hearted led the search with ax and pick and lantern. Here and there, where the terrible crash had broken the ice, dark water gurgled up.

At length they came upon one with limbs all crushed and life just flickering on his lips. A piteous moan was heard as they labored to free him from the heavy weights that had kept back the fire. Then strong, careful arms bore the mangled form slowly across the ice and up the bank.

Julian followed speedily; his place was now at the engine-house above. Here his quick, helpful hands were soon busy with the wounded and dying; but he could scarcely bring himself to look upon the charred and ghastly shapes which were carried in from time to time and covered.

Occasionally they brought a dripping form which the flames had not reached; once, a little child, an infant, whose long white robe was frozen, whose baby-face was darkened by death's shadow.

Maurice Bowen came slowly in, haggard with horror.

'Floyd,' he faltered, 'are you here? It—it is awful! I got sick—and—couldn't come close. I am not used—Oh, Julian, that little baby!—is it dead yet? Why, it looks—it looks so—so like sister Nelly's baby!'

'Take care! Maurice!' said the other, sharply, drawing him away from before the door; 'they are just bringing in another.'

A woman's slender form, which they had found wedged between iron and ice! They brought her in most tenderly; there might be life, they said, as they gently laid her down. They had been awed by the gleam of a beautiful, marble-like face, where their lanterns had flashed in that terrible and dark gulf of death.

Her long, dark hair swept the floor; the ice upon it glittered coldly. Her stiffened garments soon thawed a little and then streams of water trickled from them.

Julian's face grew ghastly; it made him faint to see those chestnut curls, and yet he bent quickly and drew the covering. For one moment he gazed quietly upon the death-like features, and then shrank away with staring eyes, while through his manly frame ran a great shudder. Doctor Bascom caught his arm: 'You are faint; better go outside.' Then, reading the truth, asked: 'A friend?'

Maurice pressed forward with a strange, quivering apprehension. But Floyd waved him off.

'Go away, Maurice, don't come here!' he gasped.

'Why, what can you mean, Floyd—who is it? What do you mean, I say? You—'

'Oh, heaven!' cried Julian, in an agony of grief, and, turning, fell upon his knees at her side. 'Nelly, my lost darling!'

In a second he was up again, blind, desperate, delirious.

'Help, help!' he cried, in clear, ringing tones, with uplifted face and hands. 'Help me to save her! She lives—she lives!'

* * * * * *

After weary perilous days, out of which only Julian's constant care and tenderness had borne her, Nelly Bond, still thin and ghost like, stood with her father and brother at the station of the little Western town, waiting for the train which should bear them back to their home.

Doctor Floyd was there to see them off, but his face wore a glow of satisfaction, for the parting was not to be for any great time.

'Floyd, God bless you!' said Nelly's father, and Maurice wrung his hands in silence.

At their wedding, some months later, Mr. Bowen said again: 'God bless you!' adding, 'You saved her!'

'Yes,' laughed the doctor, 'but it was all selfishness—for I saved her only for myself!'

Almost Marvellous.

The way Parmelee's Blood Purifier works upon the human system. It is such a thorough Purifier, it strikes at the root of the disease and by its perfect workings effects a cure almost before the patient is aware. It seizes upon every particle of poisonous matter in the system, expels it and instills new health and vigor through the entire body. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

One of the Invalids.

E. M. PARMELEE, Dear Sir:—I have been taking your Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Kidney & Liver Cure for some time past and have received more benefit from it than from all of the $500 worth of Doctor's medicines that I have used in the last few years. Before taking the cure I was weak and tired out all the time but now I can work all day without fatigue. Would not be without it in the house. Believe it is one of the best medicines in the world.

ROB'T. A. LOUGHRIDGE, JR.,
Somer's Lane, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—LOOK FOR

L. W. Mason's

—Special Prices on—

General Hardware,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

Housekeepers' Hardware,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

In This Space NEXT WEEK.

P. S. I have the Best Tinner in the County, and No Mistake.

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Stables

F. O. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

Good Horses and Stylish Rigs

drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing, and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

A GOOD CHANCE.

I offer for sale my SAW MILL, GRIST MILL and SHINGLE MILL, located at

FRISBEE STATION,

on the Clermont branch of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad. I will also sell with the above, one good

BOARDING HOUSE,

Four Tenement houses and Forty acres of land. This is one of the best mill sites in the county, the mills are run by a never-failing water power, and are located in a good farming country. There is plenty of timber near the mill, and a good run of custom sawing. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to

THOS. FRISBEE,
Coryville, Pa.

Business Cards.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

H. S. SARTWELL, - Prop'r.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Tables and Bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates Reasonable.

PICARD'S HOTEL,

MAIN STREET,

Smethport, - Pa.

M. H. PICARD, - Proprietor.

RATES REASONABLE.

This hotel stands nearly opposite the Court House, and is furnished throughout with all the conveniences of a first class house. A well stocked and well kept bar is connected with the House.

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. H. SOWERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

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F. J. VICKERY, - Prop'r.

Located directly opposite the McK. & B. and N. Y. & P. RR depots. The house has recently been rebuilt and newly furnished in the most modern style and is now a first class house.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

Port Allegany, Pa.

S. C. SARTWELL, - PROPRIETOR.

The above House has been recently Rebuilt, Refurnished and Refitted in the Latest Style for the convenience of Guests.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

380 *Exchange, Cor. Louisiana St.*,

Opposite the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. Depot

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ED. SEIL, - - Proprietor

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No. 6, Washington St.,

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MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

Terms, $1 Per Day

Liberal terms to Commercial Travelers. Good Livery and Feed Stables connected with the House.

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(Near B., R. & B. R. R. Depot.)

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

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Restaurant, Lunch Counter, and Billiard Parlors connected. Everything new, house having been just completed. Charges very moderate.

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First Class in every respect.

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Physicians.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE: Rooms No. 11 and 12, Grand Central.

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Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCOY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Backus Building, Main street.

Smethport, Pa.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WILLIAMSPORT, Penn'a, Feb'y 21, 1880.

All persons are hereby cautioned against going upon the unsold lands of this estate without proper authority therefor. An unauthorized entry upon the lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate have deeds, contracts, or leases. The deeds give exact descriptions of the lands to which they refer, and the contracts and leases have on them drafts which show their location. All claims to rights or privileges on lands of this estate, unaccompanied by such evidence, are without foundation, and will not be recognized.

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., September 28, 1882.

H. F. BARBOUR, Editor.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
GENERAL JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Centre Co.

For Lieut.-Governor,
W. T. DAVIES,
of Bradford County.

For Supreme Judge,
WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE,
of Philadelphia.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
JOHN M. GREER,
of Butler.

For Congressman-at-Large,
MARRIOT BROSIUS,
of Lancaster.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Congress,
WALLACE W. BROWN,
of Bradford City.

JUDICIARY

For Additional Law Judge,
N. B. SMILEY,
of Bradford City.

For Assemblyman,
DAVID STERRETT,
of Smethport.

For Jury Commissioner,
E. F. CLARK,
of Bradford Township.

B. D. HAMLIN'S PLATFORM.

"There is to be a job of re-districting the state at Harrisburg next winter and I want a hand in it."—From Mr. Hamlin's speech of acceptance.

We commend the above to the attention of our republican friends who are asked to vote for B. D. Hamlin because he is such a nice, pleasant gentleman, old citizen, &c. The quotation above furnishes the best of reason why Mr. Hamlin or any other democrat should *not* be sent to Harrisburg.

YES, Wilson, you're right, Arkansas went democratic.

THE Buffalo *Express* after playing dog in the manger all summer now finds itself without a manger to play in.

THE old man of the "patent process" newspaper begins to squirm already. It's not to be wondered at, and confirms the adage "a rogue ne'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law."

WHICH one of the candidates for member of assembly from this county is the Bradford Evening *Star* supporting? It has thus far indulged in more praise of the democratic than the republican candidate, and with no reason whatever except it may be with the insane purpose of trying to please everybody and in the end pleasing nobody.

"THIS, with engagements I have at home in the business affairs of others which I should not neglect, will prevent me from going among our citizens to the extent which might otherwise be expected of me."—*Hamlin's great card* 1882. And he might have added "being attorney for the Keating lands, with a comfortable salary which I earn by collecting from the tenants the hard-earned pittances which they are enabled to lay up out of the fruits of their yearly toil, it cannot reasonably be expected of me that I would waste my time electioneering."

B. D. HAMLIN wants a hand in the job of re-districting the state in the hope of being able to put McKean county into hopeless democratic senatorial and congressional districts. He is enough of a partisan to anxiously desire to be elected for no other purpose, and hopes to be able to find republicans who will aid him in his purpose by giving him their votes. The nicely planned scheme will not prove a success. The republicans of McKean county intend a republican shall "have a hand in the job" from this county, and Mr. Hamlin will have to wait till some other year for complimentary votes from his republican friends. The necessity of a republican representative at Harrisburg from this county next winter is too plain and urgent to allow of any nonsense of throwing away of republican votes to please old time citizens of distinguished presence and graceful persuasiveness.

THAT Pattison, the democratic candidate for governor, was either a conspirator in the plot by which Phipps was enabled to plunder the city of Philadelphia of tens of thousands of dollars, or, from his total want of ability was unable, as comptroller, to discover the frauds which were being perpetrated right under his nose. Take which horn of the dilemma he may, he proves himself unfit to be entrusted with the affairs of a great commonwealth. Of this the Harrisburg *Telegraph* says: "Pattison's scandalous neglect and incompetency, as shown in the alms house frauds, has acted like a November frost to chill and blight the last Democratic hope. The Democrats know they have no possible chance of electing Pattison. They have even ceased to claim that he is honest, and they never claimed that he was competent. All they expect now is to keep up a respectable appearance, and if possible prevent Pattison's connection with the alms house frauds from being investigated by the Philadelphia city councils until after the November election. Pattison's boasted honesty has simmered down to disgraceful incompetency, if not criminal neglect of his official duties as comptroller of Philadelphia. A fit candidate for governor, who, as comptroller of Philadelphia, has allowed thieves to plunder the city treasury, and to use his official name to do it. If Pattison is honest he is criminally negligent.

THE Judicial conferees will renew their efforts toward making a candidate for Additional Law Judge to-morrow. It seems as if the question ought not to be difficult of solution, and perhaps it will not be after the skirmish lines are withdrawn.

OUR present member of congress, a gentleman who resides in Williamsport, has thrown his circle of friends in that city into confusion by declining in advance the compliment of a renomination. While the MINER is very earnestly in favor of the nomination of Hon. W. W. Brown, believing that he will not only make a safe, reliable and efficient representative of the entire district but that he can be elected, it has thrown no stones at Mr. Walker and would in case of his receiving the nomination labor as earnestly to secure his election as that of our own local candidate. Yet there is no disguising the fact that the majority of the party in the district has failed to endorse Mr. Walker very emphatically, and as pointedly and plainly demanded the nomination of Mr. Brown. Even in Sullivan county, which is sometimes looked upon as an adjunct of Lycoming, as between the two candidates Mr. Brown was decidedly the favorite, we will hazard the opinion that even in Lycoming county, or in the city of Williamsport, upon a fair test of the vote of his own party Mr. Brown would develop unexpected strength. In view of these facts, which have no doubt been carefully considered by Mr. Walker, his card of declination is not surprising, and the assertion of the Williamsport *Gazette* and *Bulletin* that the anti-Walker feeling is a local affair confined principally to McKean county is very flimsy an unfounded. There have been only two candidates in the field—Mr. Walker and Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown is very plainly the choice of the party, Mr. Walker accepts the situation and withdraws from the contest. It is too late now to trot out a substitute for Mr. Walker on the ground that some one from Lycoming must be accepted—no matter who so long as it is a Lycoming man. We say no matter who so long as he is the choice of the majority of the party and can be elected. And that man is Hon. W. W. Brown.

THE assertion has been made by some that Mr. Hamlin would draw enough support from the ranks of the republicans to insure his election to the assembly. Now let us see. If this be so, there is some good and valid reason for it, or else corrupt means are to be used to bring about such a result. Men when they have allied themselves with a political party—honest men do not leave it and support the candidate of the opposition without some convincing reason. The question then arises, what has Byron D. Hamlin ever done to entitle him to a single vote from the party politically opposed to him. Certainly it will not be urged that his former service in the legislature, when by an accident he became Speaker of the Senate entitles him to the suffrage of the people irrespective of party lines. Is there a page in his history as a legislator to which he can point with pride, or that does not challenge the condemnation of his political opponents? Elected as a democrat, he partook of the ultra views of the democratic administration of that time—Franklin Pierce's—and was in full sympathy and accord with his party when the republicans came into power in 1861 and has been ever since. What democracy was then, every republican voter of to-day knows, and indeed that democracy is sometimes characterized by hard names which would not be excusable if it were not for the fact that they are true. As a citizen he has not done anything for his neighborhood which would entitle him to support beyond his own party. He has grown day by day richer by his profession and land agency, to which result his clients and the settlers upon wild lands here have liberally contributed. He has headed no movement which has had for its object the development of the resources of the county or the improvement of the condition of his neighbors. He is not a representative man by any means; he has nothing in common with that spirit of enterprise which has made the wilderness of McKean county to blossom as the rose, and gave her a place among the counties of Pennsylvania second to but very few in material wealth, and first in commercial importance. These are facts that demand the attention of the candid voter, and when it is urged that Mr. Hamlin will make inroads upon the vote of the republican party, let the question be asked, why? and the only answer that can be brought forward is that he is a Hamlin, and is rich.

If Pattison, the democratic candidate for governor, is honest, why did he not stop Phipp's dishonesty? Pattison was put in the comptroller's office under the promise that he would check just such swindling of the city as Phipps committed. Pattison as comptroller, had ample power. If he is honest, why did he not keep his pledge to the voters who elected him comptroller, by discovering and exposing just such frauds and embezzlements as Phipp's? Pattison is a complete and utter failure as comptroller, and yet he aspires to be governor. Pattison's whole career is an exemplification of aggressive mediocracy. He promised all things and accomplished nothing. Barefaced thievery passed under his inspection daily without detection, as Phipps' accounts show. Phipps had the capacity to steal, but Pattison, whose business it was, did not have the capacity to detect him. That is where Pattison is a failure—an utter failure.—*Har. Tel.*

Assurance come from Chambersburg, the home of Mr. Stewart the independent candidate for governor, that seven-eighths of the republican vote of Stewart's county will be cast for General Beaver. Republicans realize that Stewart cannot possibly be elected, and they will vote for General Beaver to prevent the election of Pattison.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The labor vote of Pennsylvania seems to be busily engaged minding its own business. This is gall and bitterness to the Pattison party.

Phipp's took the exact measure of Pattison, and then took just what he wanted out of the city treasury which Pattison, the democratic candidate for governor, was set to watch.

The Charlotte *Observer*, whose editor lately retreated from an Independent candidacy for governor, rather than be a party to democratic defeat, takes occasion to show that "Bourbonism is doomed in North Carolina."

Not long since the Buffalo *Courier* said that "with John Kelley and what his name stands for the democratic party should have nothing to do." Now it hurrahs for union and harmony, and draws John to its bosom in repeated embraces.

The democrats do not attempt to disguise their disappointment and disgust that General Slocum and Congressman Flower should be sacrificed to make room for Mr. Cleveland, who is only known locally and who was defeated when he ran for district attorney of Erie county.

Mr. Blaine declared in a speech at Portland the other day that the democratic party had not shared in the achievment of a wise or humane purpose in the last quarter of a century. Yet some of Mr. Blaine's friends in this state are promoting the interests of that same democratic party by acting with the independents against the republican party. They should cease to do so.—*Har. Tel., Repub.*

The democratic ticket reminds one of the curious animals advertised many years ago—a horse with his head where his tail ought to be. Those who paid their money to have the opportunity of gazing at the wonder saw a horse tied by his tail to the manager. If the democratic horse reaches the public crib in this state it will be because General Slocum's great popularity carried it along with him.

The idea that all appointments shall be non political is absurd. There is no more sense in it than there would be in raising a cry that all elective officers should be non political. If the office of collector of internal revenue should be non-political, why not the Presidency, or a seat in Congress? No man should be either elected or appointed who is unfit, but the party entrusted with power has a right to fill the offices with men holding the same political principals with itself.—*Lan. Inq.*

McClure is a sort of Tug Wilson in journalism, and comes up smiling after the most disastrous rounds. His recent bout with the Land Leaguers has resulted in the most disastrous defeat, but he will neither suffer any severe distress at his rough handling, nor any diminution of favor and confidence at the hands of the reformers and independents, whose political virtue finds something irrepressibly congenial in its fellowship with him.—*Phil. Rec., Ind.*

Justice is represented as blind. Honesty must also be blind if Pattison, the democratic candidate for governor, is honest, for he has been blind for years to the thievery of the Philadelphia alms house superintendent, Phipps. Pattison was elected comptroller to prevent just such stealing, but the moment he became comptroller he ceased to see that stealing which was going on by wholesale, was going on at all. Honest but blind Pattison! He is as blind as Governor Cornell's "blind pool."—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The talk about further efforts at reconciliation between the republicans and independents is simply an attempt to try and vitalize the Independent leaders. Since they refused the fair and honorable propositions of reconciliation, made by the republicans, the public has ceased to consider them as a political factor of any importance. As the public has ceased to talk about them, they are trying to keep alive by talking about themselves. It won't do. They sinned away their day of grace, and are lost.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The Hon. Eli Slifer, one of the most prominent independent republicans in the state, in his speech at Lewisburg, in which he came out for General Beaver for governor said: "A good man might be tempted to be unfaithful to friendship, or even to be untrue to love, but only a miserable ingrate would turn his back on a maimed and crippled defender of his home and country." Republicans of Pennsylvania, your united vote can elect any man governor. General Beaver defended you on the battle field. Will you allow him to be defeated on the political battle field this fall?

The meeting addressed by Colonel McMichael, at Lock Haven Monday evening, was composed of two brass bands, fifteen independents, fifty stalwarts and three hundred and fifty democrats. The few independents in that city were engaged all day caucusing with leading democrats as to the meeting. The Democrats were finally ordered to turn out, and they did. A prominent Democrat complimented Colonel McMichael after his speech, by telling him that he could see no difference in his positions on the tariff, labor question, finance and Cameron, than those taken by Mortimer F. Elliott in a democratic speech made in the same place a few evenings before. The interest taken by the democrats in this movement is making its object apparent to all.

As one of the measures to prevent thieves getting into the treasury of the city of Philadelphia councils passed the following ordinance:

An ordinance to regulate payment of bills for material and supplies under contract.

Section 1. The select and common councils of the city of Philadelphia do ordain. That the city comptroller is hereby directed not to countersign any warrant for any materials and supplies furnished under contract unless said warrant be presented with the bill to the city comptroller by the party furnishing the same.

In order to allow thieves to steal from the city treasury, Pattison the comptroller of the city of Philadelphia, and democratic candidate for governor, disregarded this ordinance entirely. The result is that Philadelphia has been plundered of thousands of dollars by Pattison's disregard of a plain law. Prominent Philadelphia papers are calling for Pattison's impeachment, and the chances are that he will be impeached.—*Will. Gaz. and Bul.*

A Word to Independents.

At the rate at which the falsehoods of the Independent faction are being exploded, their ammunition will hardly last them through the campaign. A few months ago they were loudly declaiming about General Beaver's treachery in disobeying instructions at the Chicago convention, while now that roar is changed into the whimper that if he were wholly justified in voting for Grant himself, he had no business to ask anybody else to do so. A great clatter was made a week ago over the dismissal of a clerk from the Butler postoffice because he failed to pay political assessments, when to-day it appears the clerk was not dismissed at all. All the attempts, also, to place General Beaver in closer association with the Cameron faction than with the great mass of republicans of the state have utterly failed; for the record of his canvass for the nomination and of the convention which chose him, shows that he was placed on the ticket by the unanimous voices of a singularly representative and untrammelled assembly of delegates. All political assaults having failed there will be nothing left to his detractors but personal attack. But every one knows that General Beaver is singularly pure in his private life and those who are bold enough to find fault with this, must expect to be frowned upon by the very class of citizens they are expecting to arouse into opposition to him. The best thing the Independent voter can do is to take advantage of this opportunity of placing in the Executive chair a man of exceptionally high character and large experience in public life such as General Beaver, and after the election, take hold heartily with him and his friends to clean out the stables that need cleaning out. The attitude of the so-called Independent leaders is to gratify personal spite, and not to advance public morality, and not one of them really believes that the election of Mr. Pattison to be governor will do more than turn out one set of republican ringsters to make way for another of democratic ones, with a few little places thrown to themselves in reward for their services. With a man like Beaver in the Gubernatorial chair, with good, upright men about him, the party can do a thousand times more service for the cause of political freedom and reform in this state than can be done by a democratic executive whose only process of purifying the republican party will be to destroy it.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Its Work not Finished.

Upon the perpetuity of the republican party depends the prosperity of the country. That it has been a constituent element of this prosperity for the past twenty years, is beyond successful contradiction. It is therefore a pertinent question. Is there anything in the republican party that recommends it to the sober convictions of the people as deserving of success in this campaign? It will be perfectly consistent to take a retrospective glance and observe what has been done. In doing this it will be manifest that the peculiar mission of the party is not complete. It has broken off the chains of slavery and secured civil rights to the emancipated, but "tissue ballots" have vitiated much of the legislative action in reconstructing rebel states.

During the late session of congress, after a struggle that made the whole machinery of finance tremble for fear of destruction, the republican representatives succeeded in extending the national banking system, and until the enormous rebellion debt is paid its work will not be finished. Protective tariff has not become such a fixture in the polity of the nation, as to permit its truest and only consistent friends to cease their efforts for its maintenance. The great problem of education in the south is soon to become a leading feature in congressional proceedings. Heretofore the republican party has had the fostering care of this work, and until something of a permanent character is accomplished her mission will not be fulfilled.

We therefore, venture the assertion, that the grand old republican party can not be overthrown while its history is unwritten. Who is brave and daring enough to become its historian? We glory in the fact that it has not fulfilled its mission before the country, and until this results, the majestic force of its principles will hold the fabric in place, and keep the power in exertion, in order that it may accomplish its destiny. Are there no other achievements before it?

The party has always been aggressive. To it belongs the introduction of all the marked features that characterize our present progress in liberal government, and the possibilities are not yet exhausted. What may be in the womb of the future no one can fathom, but of this we are assured, that the party that has so faithfully met the exigences of the past, is safe to be trusted for all the emergencies that can arise in the future. Are not these enough upon which to base the assertion, that there cannot exist such an anomaly as divided republicanism? "He that is not for us is against us," is as true to-day as when first uttered.

It is impossible to reach the conclusion that men who have been so earnest in proclaiming their unalterable adherence to the principles of the republican party, will see them sacrificed to replace a party whose teaching they abhor, and whose career for twenty years has been a continued effort to regain lost prestige; a party whose triumph will bring nothing but chagrin, and subvert all they have held worthy of being called principles.—*Gazette and Bulletin.*

A fair matter for inquiry of our democratic and independent friends who are making such strenuous efforts to elect Mr. Robert Pattison governor of Pennsylvania, is, how it occurred that a man of such great executive acuteness and force as is claimed for the present comptroller of Philadelphia, could have been hoodwinked into paying the fraudulent and forged warrants by which Major Phipps, the alms-house superintendent of that city, conducted the peculations for which he is now under arrest in Canada. All of the fraudulent transactions came under the supervision of controller and would-be governor Pattison, and it does seem as if a man of such "conscientious industry and vigilance" might have detected the imposition, and saved the people of Philadelphia from the disgrace and pecuniary loss of those detestable practices.

Some Reasons Why

General James A. Beaver should be elected governor because he is, and always has been, a true consistent and devoted republican; and the republican party preserved the country and sought peace, prosperity and universal freedom;

Because he went forth in the hour of need and offered up blood and limb on the altar of his country.

Because he is no man's man and will faithfully perform his duty as he sees it.

Because he believes an office should be administered in the interests of the whole people.

Because he is fitted by years, experience and education for the place his party has placed him in nomination for.

Because he is a staunch advocate of protection to American industries and will fight to the death all free trade fallacies.

Because he is against public plunders and evil doers generally, whether of high or low degree.

Because his election and the success of the republican party in '82 in a great measure decides the Presidential struggle of '84.

Because the mission of the republican party is not ended, and the country would be demoralized by Democratic supremacy.

Because a truly honest republican is better for the state than a policy honest Democrat.

Because on the bare chance of his defeat, rebel confederate bonds have appreciated $11, or several hundred per cent. within a few weeks.

Because the Free Trade League of New York and elsewhere is subscribing money by the thousands of dollars to defeat him.

Because the entire south would hail his defeat as a resurrection of the "lost cause."

Because it would not be safe to entrust the government of this great state to an inexperienced boy like Pattison.

Because he knows the people well, on account of having mingled among them, and they know him.

Because he is the choice of the people, and he could not have been beaten in the convention if all the big bosses in the state had sought to defeat him.

These are some of the substantial reasons why the people will choose him for their governor.

Are the republicans of Pennsylvania less in earnest than their brethren in Maine? What did the latter care for rain and wind. See how devoted the republicans of Maine are to the cause of their party—how they love the grand old party which saved the nation. What did they care for democrats, fusionists, greenbackers, independents, thunder, lightning or rain. Now let the Keystone match the Pine Tree State by giving a bigger republican victory, big even as the republican victory in Maine was. Vermont and Maine have bravely led the way. Let no true friend of good government in Pennsylvania prove either a laggard or traitor in the battle to be waged here.

Medicine for Children.

Must be not only effective but so compounded that no harm will result from the use. Such a preparation for worms (to which almost every child is subject) is Parmalee's Santonine Worm Candies, which are made from the best drugs, particularly adapted to this use. They work quickly, surely and harmlessly, passing off the worms after they are dissolved. Do not neglect the children even though they do not complain. Worms are almost always present. Price 25 cts per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Quick Relief

Hamilton's Jamaica Ginger Tonic and Pain Cure is not only a valuable internal remedy for all stomach and bowel difficulties such as dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, flatulence, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps and colic, but cannot be excelled for an outward application in rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sprains, side and backache and strains in any part of the body. Used freely with warmth and rubbing it gives quick relief. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume.

For sale by all druggists.

LEGAL.

Trial List

For First Monday in October, 1882.

1. Enoch Briggs and Mary S. Briggs, in right of said Mary S. Briggs, vs. D. C. Young and Gardiner Young. No. 266, September Term, 1879. Replevin.

2. A W [illegible] vs J [illegible] Eaton and H W Eaton Jr, partners as Eaton Brothers. No [illegible] September term 1879. Trover, &c.

3. James I. Mortimer vs Max Oversmayer, W P Cook and Joseph Schlesinger. No [illegible] September term 1879. Case.

4. D M Wright vs S S Moses and D J Keyes. No [illegible] September term 1879. Debt.

5. Enoch Briggs and Mary S Briggs his wife in right of said Mary S Briggs vs D C Young and Gardiner Young. No [illegible] September term 1879. Trespass vi et armis.

6. S J [illegible] vs Wilcox & G W Butt partners as Wilcox & Butt. No [illegible] September term 1879. Assumpsit.

7. [illegible] vs A D McDowell. No 644 September term 1879. Appeal.

8. L C C[illegible] vs the United States Express Company. No [illegible] September term 1879. Case.

9. Anna M Simpson and A J Simpson in right of A M Simpson wife of said A J Simpson vs Jacob Cheesby. No 737 September Term 1879. Ejectment.

10. C J Hert vs H [illegible]. No 16 December term 1879. Judgment opened.

11. Montague Campbell vs T J Vandergrift. No 26 December term 1879. Appeal.

12. Washington Stark vs J B Taylor. No 84 December term 1879. Replevin.

13. Josephine Moore vs F A Boter. No 170 December term 1879. Sci Fa Quare Executionem non on Judgment.

14. M C Trost and Stewart Menaffey. No 197 December term 1879. Ejectment.

15. Wm J McCleary and Eli C Urphart doing business under the firm name of McCleary & Urquart vs Bradford Oil Co. No 207 December term 1879. Assumpsit.

16. John Neto and Peter Morris use of Henry Agnew vs Thomas Frothingham. No 289 December term 1879. Debt.

17. Plumby and Goodfree vs Daniel W Baum, D W Baum Jr and James R Barton partners as Baum Burton & Co. No [illegible] December term 1879. Assumpsit.

18. Mrs L A Grey vs W H Carpenter. No 273 December term 1879. Ejectment.

19. E [illegible] Cole & Burnham Co vs J N Pew. No [illegible] December term 1879. Appeal.

20. E [illegible] vs George W Archer, A M Corbett and Alfred Short. No [illegible] December term 1879. Ejectment.

21. McKinney Thompson & Co vs William Morrissey and William Warmsley doing business as Morrissey & Warmsley. No 24 February term 1880. Appeal.

22. The Eaton Cole and Burnham Co vs J D Wolf. No 30 February term 1880. Appeal.

23. J & F H [illegible] Lamb & Tack John Preston doing business as Preston Tack & Co. No 32 February term 1880. Appeal.

24. James [illegible] Ellie [illegible] vs A K Moses. No [illegible] February term 1880. Appeal.

25. N B Waite vs C B Harding. No 51 February term 1880. Appeal.

26. [illegible] O'Donnell doing business as [illegible] vs M H Mercer. No [illegible] February term 1880. Appeal.

27. James & Ellie Cassady vs N Sarest and M Sarwell. No [illegible] February term 1880. Appeal.

28. George E [illegible] vs S S Pickard, S E Karnes & Pickard Karnes & Co. No 101 February term 1880. Appeal.

29. William Smith use of A S Arnold & Co now [illegible] & Chester, 1 M [illegible] surviving partner vs S L Lockridge and V H Vandervort. No 108 February term 1880. Sci Fa [illegible].

30. Ella Wallis and Charles Wallis her husband, in right for the use of said Ella, vs. George J. Walker. No 126, February term, 1880. Scire Facias.

J. R. HRAWLEY, Proth'y.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1882.

Court Proclamation.

The Hon. HENRY W. WILLIAMS, President Judge, and the Hons. HENRY HAMLIN and P. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Friday, May 26, 1882, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1882, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, September 9, 1882, and the 107th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. L. WILCOX, Sheriff.

List of Traverse Jurors

Drawn for Court of Common Pleas for First Monday of October, 1882.

Buckley, M. E., Rixford.
Burlingame, H., Hamlin.
Barnes, Samuel, Hamlin.
Butts, J. E. P., Lafayette.
Brown, R. V., Duke Centre.
Barton, E. B., Bradford.
Converse, E. F., Kendall.
Cool, Paul, Lafayette.
Carpenter, Orral, Eldred.
Dickerson, H. E., Rixford.
Freeman, W. C., Bradford.
Farr, C. W., Liberty.
Fowler, A. R., Eldred.
Ball, George, Lafayette.
Hagadorn, Orlando, Lafayette.
Hoseman, William, Norwich.
Hurd, A. N., Duke Centre.
Murray, Alf., Duke Centre.
McClure, E. G., Kendall.
Mulqueen, P., Kendall.
Newman, F. J., Bradford.
Oliver, James, Annin.
Otby, S. G., Kendall.
Palmer, L., Rixford.
Robinson, George, Eldred.
Richardson, George, Liberty.
Stone, A. T., 3rd ward, Bradford city.
Tilt, James, Liberty.
Teater, D. M., Liberty.
Tait, D. L., Rixford.
Wallace, Michael, Liberty.
Woodward, James, Lafayette.
Worsley, Pardon, Foster.
Kennedy, Leland, 5th ward, Bradford city.
Love, James, Rixford.
Lucas, Ira, Keating.

A. L. WILCOX,
O. P. COON, } Jury Com'rs.
N. C. GALLUP,

Attest
J. R. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.

F. M. BALL,

MANUFACTURER OF

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, ETC.

Blacksmithing, Repairing, and Horseshoeing Done.

ALL KINDS OF PAINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

F. C. PIERCE,



Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

OFFICE—Over L. W. Mason's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. 26tf.

ROCKWELL HOUSE
MEAT MARKET,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Rockwell & Rooney, - Prop's.

All Kinds of

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, VEGETABLES & FRUITS.

Our meat is always fresh and our prices the very lowest.

GIVE US A CALL.

JAMES T. DONAHUE,

PLUMBER,

No. 3, Kennedy St., Bradford.

Lead and Iron Pipe for Water, Gas and Steam, Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Kitchen Boilers, Iron Sinks, Pumps, Etc. 6t.

NEW

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES!

IN THEIR SEASON.

Highest market price paid for Hides.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa.

26tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAPER THAN EVER,

AT

WOODBURN'S,

No. 44, Main St.

Now offering rare inducements in

BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Of Style and Quality to suit every one.

We have Better and Cheaper Goods in

Queensware, Majolica, Glass and Earthenware,

Than ever have been offered in Smethport.

A Fine Line of

CHAMBER SETS

At prices within reach of everybody.

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY AND NOTIONS,

AND DOLLS, DOLLS, DOLLS,

At WOODBURN'S Popular Prices.

SPELLING LESSON!

The following words (with a thousand others too numerous to mention) are all easy to spell, and the article represented by each word can always be found at Sprague's One Price Hardware store, and at a lower price (for the same quality of goods) than at any other place in this part of the State. No cutting of price on articles which every one knows the price of, and then making up by charging three prices for articles you don't know the cost of. I never learned to use the phrase, "seeing it's you, you can have it for so much," &c. I will not be undersold, "and don't you forget it."

Axes,	Dividers,	Ladders,	Razors,
Adzes,	Dish covers,	Latches,	Shot,
Augurs,	Egg beaters,	Lanterns,	Screws,
Awls,	Elbows,	Levels,	Scythes,
Axle Grease,	Escutcheons,	Locks,	Shovels,
Alabastine,	Eyes,	Lifters,	Shears,
Brushes,	Fishing tackle,	Lemon Squeezers,	Silverware,
Bails,	Faucets,	Mallets,	Skates,
Bolts,	Forks,	Mashers,	Sleds,
Borax,	Freezers,	Mattocks,	Spoons,
Braces,	Fingers,	Measures,	Spouts,
Brackets,	Gimlets,	Mops,	Sticks,
Brooms,	Glue,	Nails,	Sap Spouts,
Burrs,	Grindstones,	Nuts,	Stoves,
Butts,	Gem cups,	Oils,	Toilet Ware,
Bird Cages,	Gauges,	Oilers,	Tooth,
Blacking,	Gaiters,	Openers,	Tacks,
Bed Cords,	Hoes,	Pegs,	Traps,
Bung Borers,	Hammers,	Pails,	Tinware,
Bells,	Hatchets,	Parers,	Tools,
Bed Casters,	Handles,	Picks,	Trays,
Claws,	Hangers,	Planes,	Trowels,
Crow Bars,	Hoops,	Pistols,	Tweezers,
Cartridges,	Hinges,	Plows,	Wooden ware,
Chains,	Hods,	Plyers,	Willow ware,
Catches,	Hooks,	Poppers,	Warmers,
Coffee Mills,	Hose pails,	Powder,	Whips,
Coolers,	Ice tools,	Pulleys,	Well Buckets,
Clamps,	Iron,	Pumps,	Wheelbarrows,
Carpenter's,	Kettles,	Paints,	White Lead,
Cutlery,	Keys,	Ropes,	Wrenches,
Curry Combs,	Knives,	Rakes,	Wringers,
Cleavers,	Knobs,	Rasps,	Wool Twine,
Clothes Lines,	Lamps,	Rivets,	Wire Cloth,
Copper Ware,	Lamp shades,	Rules,	Window Glass,
Draw shaves,	Lamp Chimneys,	Saws,	Zinc.

P. S.—I have one of the Best Tinners in the State.
M. A. Sprague.

H. W. RUBIN,

Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches,

—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

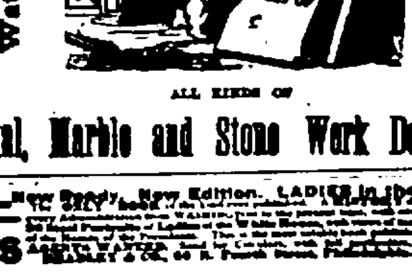
I have also on hand a fine assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. DIGEL'S MARBLE FACTORY, &c.



ALL KINDS OF

Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to Order

—100— Years — New Ready, New Edition. LADIES in the WHITE House. [illegible]

MARBLE FRONT

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDVEINT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,
COURTLAND PLATFORMS,
ROAD WAGONS,
CARRIAGES,
AND SLEIGHS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

W. H. Wetenhall.

Smethport March 16, 1881.—tf.

BEATTY'S ORGANS [illegible] PIANOS [illegible] Beatty, Washington, N. J.

JOB PRINTING, executed with neatness and dispatch. We are constantly adding to our already well stocked Job Department all the latest styles of type and facilities for doing fancy printing.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., September 28, 1882.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

We wait for rain.

—Time for buckwheat cakes.

Let us have a good show or none.

Farm produce is plenty and cheap.

—No houses or stores to let in Smethport.

—The covered bridge is not whitewashed yet.

There is a lamentable dearth of weddings.

Oil seems to want to linger in the eighties.

The hotel proprietors have had their hand full this week.

Revised time table of the narrow gauge in this issue.

All reports from Cherry Grove are of a discouraging kind.

A masonic lodge was instituted at Eldred Tuesday last.

—Now won't one party or the other do something to break the stuff?

Oil in the different exchanges of the country is again on the rise.

—Apples are scarce everywhere and of course will be high in price.

The water company are extending their mains to Mechanicsburg.

—The season of accidents seems to have set in with great promise.

—The "Big Bridge" correspondents seem to have taken a vacation.

The people of this borough feel a just pride in their water works.

Progress in court was retarded by the absence of both associate judges.

What takes so many of the small boys to the island in the pond Sundays.

—Bradford people say the late convention was a lamentable failure financially.

The office of Dr. Pierce is supplied with all the improvements in dental surgery.

—The court is disposing of the jail cases with most commendable promptness.

This week has passed without a single new newspaper being started in Bradford.

—The vote of Hamilton township this year may be found in James Anderson's pocket.

Our neighbor of the *Democrat* is improving his office in anticipation of cold weather.

The Olean Sunday *Herald* is catching it on all sides for immorality. Charlie!

—Bradford is now looking about for suitable grounds for additional manufactories.

Our readers will be pleased to find another letter from Hon. L. Rogers in this issue.

—The Street Commissioner is getting in good work on the principal streets of the borough.

The railroad boarding house has again taken an occupant in the person of Dennis Gorman.

Lasting and valuable improvements have been made on J. C. Hamlin's hard ware store.

—Tarport furnishes rather more than her quota of criminal cases at the present term of court.

—The Judicial conference meets again at Bradford to day. Let us hope for better results this time.

—A woman of the town was found dead in her bed at Bradford Monday. Coroners finding—whiskey.

The *Era* gets across the line in electioneering. It wants a Cleveland club organized in Bradford.

A man just released from jail explains his absence by saying he has been to a bread and watering place.

A special train leaves on the B. B. & K. road at six p. m. for the accommodation of people attending court.

Young ladies are hereby notified that the time for harvesting the annual crop of fall leaves has arrived.

Slight frosts may be seen many of these mornings by getting up before the sun rises—or so it is reported.

—Many people were more or less injured by the falling of a gallery at the Pittsburg exposition Monday.

—On the first day of October the law protecting quail from the sportsman takes a rest until next spring.

—Citizens vs. Soldiers shooting match will be a feature of the camp-fire at Eldred next Tuesday afternoon.

Men wear overcoats and straw hats at the same time now. An overcoat will summer over but a hat wont.

—A fakir with a cure-all-medicine to sell attracted a large crowd in front of the Grand Central Monday evening.

—The blackberry season is over at last, and now the boys wait impatiently for the butternut to fall with reach.

—Curious how anxious some people are to get into court and then how reluctantly they stay after getting there.

—The foundation of Ex-Sheriff Bartwell's new residence will soon be completed and ready for the superstructure.

—Boys cannot be too careful when playing with pistols. Sometimes we think boys would be better without pistols.

—The game of base ball at Irish Hollow Sunday was not participated in by Smethport players, our boys won't play on Sunday.

What's the reason we don't hear anything more about "hose races," "first money" and all this. The Co. has not disbanded has it?

S. S. Bergstresser the photographer, a master in his art, has recently added many improvements to his gallery and reception rooms and now has one of the finest studio's in the country.

—Next to Jumbo at Bradford last week, the most interesting sight was to see Hon. B. D. Hamlin arrayed in faultless broadcloth and decorated with hose badges.

Before firing up your unused stoves, now that the weather is getting cool, take a look at the pipe and flue, and thereby save a fire where you don't want it—probably.

A new press has been added to the job printing department of the MINER office, and now, more than ever before, are we prepared to execute the finest work to be had in the county.

COULDN'T KEEP THEM DOWN.

SMETHPORT HOSE WINS FIRST PRIZE IN THE STATE TOURNAMENT.

Last week we said that the hose boys of this borough would take a hand in dividing the money offered in prizes, at the state tournament at Bradford. From what we had seen of them on drill, and what we knew of them as able bodied and athletic young men we could not see how they could fail to lower previous records, and now can only account for the fact that they did not take the first prize on the grounds of unfairness, which charge was made, and requires no additional proof now to substantiate it. If the rules adopted for the government of the contest had been strictly adhered to, there can be no doubt that the result of the races would have been different, and that the first prize, if not won by the Smethports, would not have gone beyond the state.

That the running team of the Ackerman hose of Richburg was composed of profesional pedestrians and runners, hired for the time by that company admits of no doubt and the name which will always attach to them on account of this fraud, among their brother firemen, is too high a price to pay for a paltry five hundred dollars.

The record made by the Smethport hose in the first race, without any of the advantages of "flared nozzle" "war path costume," and with a surging crowd obstructing their way, was such as to make them a formidable adversary, and, when the state race came off on Saturday, they manifested their superior mettle and training, taking first money in 55¾, two and one fourth seconds better than their closest competitor—the Citizens of Lake Centre, the Drakes of Titusville coming in last at 58 seconds.

The weather unfortunately was very unpropitious during the entire week, making the track heavy and disagreeable, but notwithstanding this, the time made was such as to satisfy those who may contemplate entering for future matches that they will have to fly to win.

Masonic Lodge Instituted

The institution of a masonic lodge at Eldred Tuesday last called to that point a large number of the fraternity from this and adjoining counties as well as a host of people from all over the neighborhood anxious to see the demonstration made by them. At the hour appointed, some thirty charter members of the new lodge and the visiting brethren met in the Masonic Hall an elegantly equipped and furnished room where D. D. G. M., C. L. Wheeler of Bradford, proceeded to institute the new lodge, and when this work was accomplished all adjourned to the Central House where a tempting supper awaited them. After supper Mr. Wheeler delivered a short lecture to the assembled brethren and gave an exemplification of the work in a manner pleasing and profitable to all. Wm. Dunbar was chosen and installed W. M. and the lodge starts out with great promise of success.

At St. Lukes Church.

Some time since a contract was entered into between the official board of Trustees of St. Lukes Episcopal church in this borough, and Mr. Davis of Buffalo, a well known pipe organ contractor, for the building and putting in place in the Episcopal church here, a magnificent two manual, eight hundred pipe organ, such as is now in common use in churches in the cities. This is an improvement that has been contemplated for some time, but owing to the outlay required, some two thousand dollars, the congregation had not felt like undertaking it until now.

The instrument will be built in the church—that course being necessary with so large a piece of work—and will be finished to correspond with the finish of the church, in white ash. This good work is due largely to the enterprise of the Rector, Rev. J. Heber McCandless, whose untiring energy and faithful work has made this handsome improvement possible at this time.

Camp Fire at Eldred.

The Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Eldred have arranged to hold a camp fire and reception party at Riverside Park, on Tuesday, October 31. Appended will be found the programme with order of exercises, and there is no doubt that a glorious time will be had.

1 o'clock, p. m., Eldred Post and visiting comrades form at Headquarters on Main street. Following this will be the Eldred Fire Department. Line of march down Main street to Central street, countermarch to Riverside Park.

1:30 p. m. Welcome address by Commander Hicks.

2:00 p. m. Target shooting by soldiers and civilians, together with other sports.

2:30 p. m. Army Dinner to which all are invited.

3:00 p. m. Address by Orator of the Day, and visiting comrades.

Hon. W. W. Brown of Bradford, will be present and deliver an address.

A first-class band will furnish music during the day.

In the evening a reception party will be given in Denning's Hall, Main street. Lunch will be served at Hick's Dining Hall.

Death of Emma Beckwith

In speaking of the death of Miss Emma Beckwith which was mentioned last week the *Pen and Plow* published at Elkhorn, Neb., says:

This young lady in company with her sister Dora had been spending the summer here with her relatives, the families of Sol. and Henry King, and of Daniel Beckwith, and if her delicate constitution had not yielded to the fatal effects of the malaria of this month, she would have returned soon to the home of her parents in Smethport. But a short acquaintance here sufficed to endear her to our society.

She was an incarnation of the good, the true and the beautiful, whom living we worship, and dead we mourn for many a year; such as the gods just show on earth, and then enviously snatch away. She died in the midst of the most tender care, and hands, that a half year ago she had never touched, have strewn their offering of late summer flowers on the grave.

Rev. Hick conducted the funeral services on Sunday at the church, and the whole village followed her to her last resting place.

Religious Service.

Next Sunday will be the last of the present conferrence year at the M. E. church and the services will be unusually interesting to those who know not whether they may meet together again.

On next Wednesday Bishop Whitehead of the diocese of Pittsburg will visit St. Lukes church and will conduct divine services at 7:30 p. m. to which all are cordially invited.

Did He Know it Was Loaded.

Monday, as George Backus, son of J. C. Backus, was handling a pistol it was discharged and lodged the ball with which it was loaded in the palm of his left hand, after passing through the flesh of his little finger. A surgeon was summoned and the ball extracted. It is thought that, owing to the youth of the boy—fourteen—his hand will not be disfigured to any considerable extent, or rendered in any degree useless, but George will in the future entertain different views on the subject of fire arms from those he has had in the past.

Personal.

Hon. Loyal Ward was at the county seat this week.

Mrs. J. Paine of Foster Brook is at the Picard House.

Hon. A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport is attending court.

Mrs. E. Veezy and child of Tarport are at the Picard House.

Policeman Fiscus is a witness in the Porter burglary case.

E. Kessler, Esq., of Kendall was in town during the week.

Robert H. Rose, Esq., has returned from his western jaunt.

Chief of Police, McCrea was in attendance at court this week.

S. A. Mooney of Bradford is a juror this week and is on hands.

Sam W. Smith, Esq., of Port Allegany was in town during the week.

Mrs. Lansberry of Foster Brook is attending court as a defendant.

A. C. Phipps of Summit City was in attendance at court this week.

E. O. Durham of Corry's Bank, Bradford, is a witness at court here.

Henry Fahey of the *Era* compositing rooms is attending court to-week.

Miss Etta Carlisle of Bradford was a guest at the Pierce house this week.

J. C. Trumbull of Ceres township was in attendance at court this week.

W. H. Greene, Atty at Duke Centre called on the MINER office Tuesday.

John Wass of Bradford paraded our streets in full dress several days during the week.

E. B. Mayo, Esq. of Eldred paid his regular visit to the county seat on Monday last.

Geo. C. Ogden of Titusville was a guest at the Grand Central Hotel several days this week.

Elisha white and N. Peabody of Ceres township were at the Grand Central the first of the week.

Jerry Riley the dandy copper of Bradford was at court dressed just like a common person.

A. B. Borchert of Bradford called to see us Tuesday of this week. He is as full of business as ever.

Willie Borchard son of editor Borchard of the Sunday *News* was a witness before the grand jury.

W. D. Gallup is again at home after a tour of the famous western fishing and hunting grounds.

A. P. White, E. N. Coleman and Henry Coleman attended the Quarter Sessions Court this week.

"Miss Dora Beckwith will return home soon with her brother," says the Elkhorn *Pen and Plow*.

P. R. Cotter, Esq., of Port Allegany was engaged with a heavy weight of criminal business in court this week.

W. F. Walsh, having tired of slaughtering elk on the plains has returned to his post of duty at the B. B. & K. depot.

Dr. F. C. Elliott and Dr. H. Wilson both of Bradford, attended court as witnesses in the Lansberry manslaughter case.

W. O. Congdon of Arkon is watching the corners for tax delinquents of Keating township who drop in to attend court.

J. S. Barlow of Bradford took his usual trounce with great regularity at the Grand Central the early part of the week.

A. J. Carr chairman of the democratic county committee is in town looking after his party's interests. He is not very hopeful.

General James R. Slayton of the B. B. & K. R. R., is stopping at the Pierce House and attending the Quarter Sessions court.

L. E. Dunton, Dr. J. Sheffer, A. J. Edgett, V. Zahniser and W. I. Sterrett all of Bradford were to be found at the Grand Central this week.

Mrs. Emma Gillis of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, is in town visiting in the family of Hon. W. S. Brownell and other friends in this place and vicinity.

Thomas Richmond, Esq., who has been in the far west for some time returned to Smethport Tuesday and was cordially welcomed by his friends.

Mr. Ransom Beckwith informs us just as we go to press that his son Jabez and daughter Dora are both taken sick at Oakdale, Neb., The old gentleman feels very deeply afflicted.

J. J. Hogan who is well known here as the builder of our elegant court house writes us that he has just completed a contract for thirty depots for the "Nickel Plate" road.

Sheriff Wilcox who has been somewhat indisposed during a good part of the summer is, we are pleased to say at his post in attendance on the court, and declares himself in fair health and good spirits.

Mrs. M. A. Hudson of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes a very encouraging personal letter to the MINER. It is a pleasure to receive commendation which we feel has been justly earned, and assure our friends and readers that we shall try to merit their kindly words.

Rev. R. D. Kenyon, who has for some weeks so acceptably filled the pulpit at the Baptist church, left on Monday for Upland near Philadelphia, where he will attend Crozier Theological College. Mr. Kenyon is a promising young man and will meet a most cordial reception should he ever visit our people again.

The following named Bradford lawyers are or have been attending court during the week. Hon. W. W. Brown, E. Mullin, W. M. Boggs, M. H. Byles, C. J. Curtis, A. L. Wisl, A. O. Hotchkiss, C. H. Sherwood, Hepburn McClure, J. M. McClure, J. H. Cuningham, Capt. W. B. Chapman, Geo. Wolf, Geo. A. Sturgeon, Henry King, N. B. Smiley and J. K. Wallace.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEST.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM HON. L. ROGERS.

LEADVILLE, COL., Sept 21, 1882.

Editor of the Miner:

The system of irrigation which is being so extensively utilized in the west, is destined to reclaim and render susceptible to the highest state of cultivation, large areas of country which, until within the past few years, were considered worthless for agricultural purposes. For miles around Denver the land which has been reclaimed under this system has become very valuable. Recently on the Denver and South Park road I met a gentleman who had resided in this state for upwards of 15 years, who was not only the owner of considerable mining interests but was largely interested in cattle ranches. In coming from Denver this way the road traverses fifteen or twenty miles of beautiful farming country before reaching the foot-hills of the mountains. The gentleman referred to informed me that some of those farms could be bought for less than $50 per acre, and he pointed out one which had recently been sold for $200 per acre. The character of the crops raised astonished me very much. Oats were just being harvested and such heads I never saw in the east. It looked as though a third of the stalk which was of uncommon length, was covered with grain. The straw was white in color and in stack an eastern man would hardly know what grain it represented. The size and quality of the vegetables cannot be excelled in any section of the country. I am creditably informed that it is no uncommon occurrence for cabbages to be found in the Denver markets weighing 40 lbs. A few years ago this land was comparatively worthless, but the never failing supply of water which the snowy peaks of the adjacent mountains furnish is being utilized to make the desert "blossom as the rose." As we entered the Platte canon, at the foot of the mountains, I noticed what resembled a tall race running out of the gorge on the opposite side of the river from the road. It looked as though it might be ten or fifteen feet wide. Upon inquiry I was informed that it was a "ditch" which English capitalists were building, with which they expected to irrigate 30,000 acres of the plains lying south and east of Denver. The cost of the ditch runs into millions of dollars but the land to be reclaimed would pay for it several times over.

The source of the south fork of the Platte river is in the Rocky mountains southwest of Denver, and as long as the peaks of those mountains are covered with snow and the numberless and never failing springs burst from the rocks on the mountain sides, just so long will that river serve mankind as beneficially as any river on the American continent. Its course is a little north of east traversing the immense plain lying between the mountains and the Missouri river, emptying into the latter near Omaha. About half way across the state of Nebraska the south fork of the Platte unites with the south fork forming a great, sluggish stream to the point where its waters are poured into the Missouri. Besides furnishing water for reclaiming millions of acres to the uses of agriculture, it slakes the thirst of the immense herds of cattle, sheep and horses which graze along its banks across the entire plains. To one unaccustomed to such sights the herds to be seen on the plains are intensely interesting. For hundreds of miles along the Platte river, you are not out of sight of our ranch before an other is reached and on each ranch can be seen hundreds and sometimes thousands of cattle, horses or sheep. Frequently a herd would be grazing close to the road, and as they scampered away from the train every creature looked fat enough to kill. The feed on the plains this year is exceptionally good and one can hardly understand why, for the coming year, beef should not be relatively as cheap as meal and flour.

Two incidents occurred on my way through Nebraska which may prove of interest to your readers, showing the wonderful character of the herding business. At a little station in the western part of the state, a young man, perhaps 20 years of age, got aboard the train. From the peculiar style of his dress I recognized him as a drover or cowboy. He sat near me and I engaged in conversation with him. From him I learned that he had just reached the plains with a drove of cattle from Texas. He had been between two and three months on the road. That they found good feed all the way, and especially through the Indian Territory. That the cattle were actually in better condition when they reached the plains than when they left Texas. They had 2500 head in the drove and eight drovers, and lost only one creature on the trip. The other incident refers to sheep droving and will give your readers some idea of its magnitude. I have some relatives residing in Fremont, Neb., and on my way east I stopped off a day to visit them. In the afternoon of the day I reached there one of my friends hitched up his trotters for the purpose of showing me the "finest sorrel town in Nebraska." As we were driving through one of the prettiest streets, we passed the finest residence in it, and I had curiously enough to ask who it belonged to. The reply was, giving me his name, and adding, "who is a sheep drover. He is now on his way from Oregon with a drove and how many do you suppose he is driving?" My answer was, "I have no idea, he may have 3000 and he may have 15,000." I thought I would certainly cover the amount with the last figures. His reply was: "Oh, you are nowhere. When he started he had over *ninety thousand*, and when we last heard from him his losses had been very few." The number seemed to me incredible, but my friend assured me it was correct, and that larger flocks had been driven to the plains from Washington and Oregon. Of course I did not attempt to controvert his statement, but in my reveries on the subject, afterwards, it seemed to me that the time was not distant when most any man could take options on ram, lamb, sheep or mutton steak.

Before closing this letter I must congratulate my friend W. W. Brown on the very flattering prospect before him of occupying a seat in the next National House of Representatives.

Truly Yours,
L. ROGERS.

Where to Get Oysters.

Frank Backus has perfected arrangements to serve oysters at his neat and cosy rooms on Main street, during the fall and winter, and the lovers of the nutricious bi valve are hereby notified where to go when in search of goods in his line.

Pleasant Evening at Judge Hamlin's.

Invitations having been issued for a "gentlemens supper" at Judge Henry Hamlin's residence Wednesday evening, in aid of St. Lukes Episcopal church, a goodly number of gentlemen were in attendance, including the judges, officers of the court and attorneys with many of the citizens of the borough. The supper included all the seasonable deliencies, which were served by a bevy of attentive and smiling young ladies and was withal a most pleasant and successful affair.

Victim of a Tram Car.

Last Saturday, near Liberty, Charles Brakeman met with a most painful accident while operating a tram car, by which he lost his left arm which was amputated at the shoulder joint. We are not in possession of the particulars fully as to the manner of his being caught, but know that while he was working with the car, by some means he was thrown upon the track in front of the moving car and had his arm so crushed that amputation was decided to be necessary, and accordingly the arm was removed as above stated.

Why Not Have More Judges?

The business of the court was delayed during Monday and Tuesday by the absence of both the associate Judges from the county seat. It seems that in order to properly prepare the court and grand jury for duty it is necessary that there should be one at least, of the associate Judges present, and on this occasion they were conspicuous only by their absence. Judge Hamlin is seeking restoration of health on the plains of the west, while Judge Fuller, not having knowledge of the former gentleman's absence felt himself unable to attend at the commencement of the session.

The Coming Conference at Olean.

On the 4th of October the sixty ninth annual session of the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church will convene at Olean with Bishop H. W. Warren of Atlanta, Georgia presiding. The session will no doubt be an unusually interesting one, as measures of improvement and reform will be introduced, and as the sessions of this conference have heretofore been marked by many advanced steps in church rule and government, the coming meeting is not likely to differ from them.

This has become a very strong organization among the many conferences of that denomination in America, numbering now two hundred and sixty-seven members all told, and second perhaps to no other in point of intellectual ability and zeal, and our people, if they desire to witness the deliberations of this very respectable body, cannot do better than attend its session at Olean.

Melancholly Accident.

On last Friday while James Donley, and Robert, his son aged 21 years were cutting logs in the woods on Mel Parris's place at Farmers Valley an accident occured which cost young Mr. Donley his life. It seems that the young man had just cut the top of the fallen tree off when the body of the tree turned, throwing him under it, and, rolling upon his body, crushed his chest, killing him almost instantly.

Robert Donley was formerly a foreman at the clermont coal mines, having charge of the teams, and won while there the confidence and esteem of his employers. He was a kind and dutiful son, who thought always of the comfort of his parents before his own, and in his death they lose a son such as few parents are called upon to mourn. He was respected by his acquaintances everywhere for his manly independence and generous treatment of all with whom he came in contact, and his place in the community will be hard indeed to fill. We speak thus of him because he was worthy, and join with all who knew him, in regrets at his untimely taking off.

The remains were interred in the new cemetery at Farmers Valley.

The Man With Advice.

He was in yesterday. He lives in the neighborhood of Alton, and seemed to think that, at least one-half of the notoriety of the "big bridge" was due to the fact that it is situated only two miles from his house. He started out by inquiring after the health of the editor, printers and all persons, however remotely connected with this office. This done he seemed to have earned the right to make a few "suggestions" as to the best method of conducting a weekly newspaper.

In the first place he thought there was not enough attention paid to reminding the readers when the best time to plant potatoes, prune orchards and wean calves was. "It would be well" he said "to publish the law on the question of hunting deer, quail, squirrels and pigeons, because the people expected such things in a newspaper and hadn't time to hunt these things up and couldn't remember them all." He thought, also, that as bark is the great staple production, it would be well to give, each week, the best market prices so that none should get swindled by dealers who wanted to buy as low as they could. He said there hadn't been a word in the paper for two months about what congress was doing, and when we mildly suggested that the congress of this great and free country was not in session, he answered in a doubtful way, "Well mebbe that's so." Here he paused to think, apparently, and he filled the newest clay pipe he could find, with better tobacco than he had ever smoked before, we silently congratulated ourself that it was over and we still lived, when he broke out afresh.

"Don't you know that it's bad policy not to give three or four columns of religious news each week, and that the people begin to think that the office is run by a lot of men who have no respect for churches or fear of future punishment?" he said. "Only last Sunday while me and Preach was out a-blackberryin' that very subject come up, and we both agreed that some one ought to speak to you about it, and I volunteered to do it, although you know it's mighty unpleasant," and with that he walked out, taking good care to carry the pipe with him, just as we were about to ask whether it would be any accommodation to him if we would send a boy up with his paper as soon as it was out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. F. Richmond & Son,

Druggists and Pharmacists,

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

C. V. GILLIS,

dealer in

Drugs and Medicines

PAINTS, OILS.

FANCY GOODS, &C.

KANE PA.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 6, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.

At 7 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan' 2, 1882-tf.

WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

BUY · HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

I employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And my work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT MY SHOP and I will convince you that I can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879

BROWNELL BROS

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Provisions, etc.

AGENT FOR THE

White Sewing Machines

OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

February 8, 1882. 8-1y

MILLINERY GOODS

LATEST

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.

Ladies' Gents Underwear, Fine Rucking, Veiling, Knitting Silk, Worsted & Notions.

All orders promptly executed with neatness and dispatch. Prices warranted to please.

Miss E. CARSON,

In Kitteridge Block smethport, Pa.

LIVERY

and

Exchange Stables

At The Bennett House Barn.

G. R. & C. H. MOORE, Proprietors.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

GOOD HORSES AND STYLISH RIGS

to drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.



Specht & Susse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls handsomely at their promotion

A. REILLY,

Contractor in Stone Masonry, Brick Work, Lathing and Plastering.

LIME,
LATH,
PLASTER and
PLASTERING HAIR

Furnished at the LOWEST RATES

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—AT—

D. C. YOUNG'S,

—Formerly WM. HASKILL'S, Backus Building.—

SMETHPORT, PA.

POSITIVE REDUCTIONS

—IN PRICES OF READY-MADE—

Clothing, - Dry Goods,

Notions, Etc.,

To make room for New Fall Goods, to which will be added a Large STOCK of GROCERIES and other Goods usually kept in a General Stock of Merchandise.

BARGAINS TO ALL.

Yours Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG.

THE

MECHANIC ST.

GROCERY AND BAKERY

Has the Best

Groceries

And

Provisions,

The Finest Assortment of

Canned Goods,

The Best

50 Cent Tea,

The Choicest Brands of

Tobaccos and Cigars,

And the Finest

WOODBINE FLOUR,

Roller Process, in the Market.

OUR FRESH

Bread and Cakes

Made daily by one of the Most Experienced Bakers in the County.

Call and Examine our Stock and Prices.

ORDERS FOR

SLAB WOOD

left at the store will be promptly filled.

I. J. GIFFORD, Proprietor.

JEWELRY

of all descriptions.

SILVER-WARE

The Best Made.

POCKET CUTLERY

A Full Assortment.

SPECTACLES

AND

EYE-GLASSES!

TOYS,

And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any REGULAR DEALERS Prices.

I will match the

'ROCKFORD'

Against the World for time and money

All kinds of

REPAIRING

a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.

Call and See us.

M. L. Armstrong,

MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

W. T. CALLAR,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.



—ALSO, PURE—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA

Vol. XIX. The McKean County Miner, September 28, '82. No. 41

GROPING ABOUT IN A CLOUD.

EXPERIENCES OF THE LAST CONFEDERATE TO LEAVE THE CREST OF LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN.

Colonel D. R. Hundley in Phila. Weekly Times.

The account I give of the fight is but a brief outline of the day's doings, penned in haste by the flickering light of a camp-fire. I shall now, from memory, attempt to retouch the picture and to present it to the readers in more vivid and striking colors. As has been already said the attack on Lookout Mountain was to general Bragg a complete surprise. The heavy fog of that morning enabled the Federals to make that surprise a complete success. There were men enough on the mountain at the time, properly distributed, to have held it against double the number under Hooker's command. Placed as they were, however, they were of no more value than so many men of straw. Soon after receiving my instructions as officer of the day, I made a visit to the line of pickets extending along the whole brow of the mountain facing toward the enemy. To say that the morning was foggy would hardly convey to the reader any adequate conception of my surroundings. It was more than foggy. The atmosphere was thick, almost to darkness, with vapor. This vapor, like a fine rain, trickeled down my face and head, dripped from my horse's mane, dripped from the sere and yellow leaves of the trees with a ceaseless patter, which, in the gloom, sounded mournfully distinct.

How long I had been riding through this blinding mist I do not now remember, but as I neared the farthest outpost along the brow of the mountain, facing towards the west, suddenly there was a rift in this vapory cloud a momentary gleam of the valley below and I was startled to see the Federal army column pouring across the little stream which flowed at the mountain's base. It was the glimpse of a moment, for the rift in the cloud speedily closed up again, but what I had seen filled me with consternation and alarm. Turning my horse I hastened instantly to visit General Stevenson's headquarters in person, being unwilling to confide such important intelligence to a courier. I had some distance to ride, most of the way through a pathless woods, and in the midst of a darkness equal almost to that of a starlit night. I made all speed possible under the circumstances, but before I could reach my destination I heard the "volleyed thunder" reverbearating among those rocky fastnesses, and I knew that Greek had already met Greek, and that I was to late.

ORDERED TO HOLD THE CREST.

In fact by the time I reached General Stevenson's headquarters, which were in a small summer house about half way up to the top of Point Lookout from the plateau already mentioned, the news had sped before me of Walthal's surprise, rout and the capture of most of his command. General Stevenson seemed to be dumbfounded for the moment, and paid little heed to the information I brought him. I remember, however, he notified me that he would leave Colonel Bibb's regiment with me as a reserve, and required of me to hold the top of the mountain at "all hazards." He then sent the rest of the division to Walthal's assistance, for Walthal, with a remnant of his brigade, had safely retreated along the plateau before mentioned, until he reached the summer house overlooking the Chattanooga Valley, where he made a gallant stand. Here our division found him and here the battle raged during the rest of the day. So soon as I could make the circuit of the picket line again and notify them of the turn affairs had taken, I hastened down to where my regiment was engaged, being anxious to learn how the "boys" were making it.

Here is where the famous "Battle in the Clouds" was really fought. The previous engagement with Walthal's Brigade could hardly be called a battle at all. But here the two armies confronted each other, and although not over a hundred yards apart each was totally invisible to the other. Their respective positions could only be known by the lines of fire as volley succeeded volley. The scene presented was weird and almost indescribable. The dripping leaves, the indistinct figures of men seen here and there crouching behind trees and rocks, the gleaming lines of fire as the two armies hurled volley after volley into the darkness, the rattle of the bullets above, around, everywhere, recalled to my mind the heroes of Fingal and Ossian's stirring strains. "Why art thou so dark, Slimora! with all thy rocks and woods? No star trembles on thy top: no moonbeam on thy side. But the meteors of death are there; the gray waters forms of ghosts."

THE BATTERY ON POINT LOOKOUT.

I did not remain long on the field, for my post of duty was on the mountain's top. Returning there I hastened to visit the Confederate battery stationed on Point Lookout, the guns belonging to which were now being worked vigorously. If the scenes just witnessed below had impressed me as being weird, I had presented to me now a scene grand beyond comparison and awful in its grandeur. It is permitted a man but once in his lifetime to behold so sublime a spectacle. The guns were placed close to the brow of the mountain. Not a word was being spoken by officers or men, but the latter loaded their pieces in silence and fired with great deliberation and regularity. They saw nothing below them but a seemingly fathomless abyss of lurid darkness, but into this darkness they poured their live thunders with a right good will. In the distant, from the batteries stationed on Moccasin Point, came an answering boom, and occasionally a shell went screaming over our heads, while spent Minie balls went spinning past us continually. Below us the battle continued to rage with unabated fury, neither side either advancing or retreating. It filled one with indescribable emotions of awe as he stood on the brink of that fearful precipice and peered down into that miniature picture of hell, lurid each moment with the angry flashes of ten thousand rifles—while above the roar of the artillery so near and the rifles so far below, rose like the wail of damned souls from Dante's Inferno, the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying.

AFTER NIGHT BEGAN.

Just after dark this battery ceased to belch forth its thunders, and the combat below also began gradually to die away. Reporting to headquarters of my division I was notified that General Bragg had ordered the mountain to be evacuated forthwith. I was instructed to go around to all the pickets in person and as silently as possibly notify them of this order and not to leave a man on the mountain. Fortunately for me soon after nightfall the fog had lifted, else I could no more have found my way to those pickets than I could have found my way to the moon.

Solitary and alone I started on my silent round, cheered only as I rode along by the occasional whiz of a Minnie ball from the depths below, followed by a sharp spat as the leaden messenger flattened itself against the rocks around. Otherwise, not a sound greeted my ears save the echoing clatter of my horse's hoofs over the stony ground as he galloped ahead with that startled look indicative of a consciousness that danger was to be apprehended at every step. I presume it was near 11 o'clock p. m. by the time the last picket had been removed. Meanwhile the troops in front of Hooker had also

Folded their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently stole away.

This made it unsafe for me to attempt to descend the mountain by the usual public road. In anticipation of this a guide had been left somewhere for me to point out an unfrequented path by which I could descend without risk of capture. I set out now to look up this guide. I had only a vague idea as to the precise locality where to look for him. Having discharged my duty by the pickets, however, I rode more leisurely now than before along the deserted mountain paths, allowing my jaded horse to take his own time.

JACKSON, OF TENNESSEE.

Presently I was surprised to see another solitary horseman come riding towards me, a man of huge stature, at least such he appeared to me to be in the gloom. It was too dark to discover the color of his uniform, but a heavy sabre hung at his side. Halting my horse, with a firm grip on one of my pistols, I demanded

"Who goes there?"

The unknown also came to a halt and answered in sharp, decisive tones

"Jackson, of Tennessee. Who are you?"

"Officer of the day," I simply replied, and rode on. The unknown, without farther parley, did the same.

But was he "Jackson, of Tennessee"? This is a question I have frequently asked myself, but never as yet have I been able to answer it satisfactorily. Certain I am "Jackson, of Tennessee," had no business there at that hour of the night and his horse's head was bearing him away from the Confederate lines, not towards them. In a short while after I found my guide and together we soon safely descended to the valley. If "Jackson, of Tennessee," was a Federal, as I am often tempted to believe, then I presume I was the last Confederate that ever set foot on top of Lookout Mountain.

His Pa Takes a Trick.

"What is it I hear about your pa being turned out of prayer meeting Wednesday night?" asked the grocer of the bad boy, as he came over after some cantelopes for breakfast, and plugged a couple to see if they were ripe.

"He wasn't turned out of the prayer meeting at all. The people all went away, and pa and me was the last ones out of the church. But pa was mad, and don't you forget it."

"Well, what seemed to be the trouble. Has your pa become a backslider?"

"Oh, no, his flag is still there. But something seems to go wrong. You see when we got ready to go to prayer meeting last night, pa told me to go up stairs and get him a handkerchief, and to drop a little perfumery on it, and put it in the tail pocket of his black coat. I did it, but I guess I got hold of the wrong bottle of fumery. There was a label on the fumery bottle that said 'Jamaica Rum,' and I thought it was the same as Bay Rum, and I put on a whole lot. Just afore I put the handkerchief in pa's pocket I noticed a pack of cards on the stand, that pa used to play high-low-jack with ma evenings when he was so sick he couldn't go down town, before he got 'ligion, and I wrapped the handkerchief around the pack of cards and put them in his pocket. I don't know what made me do it, and pa don't either, I guess, 'cause he told ma this morning that I was possessed of a devil. I never owned no devil, but I had a pair of pet goats once, and they played hell all around, pa said. That's what the devil does, ain't it? Well, I must go home with these melons, or they won't keep."

"But hold on," says the grocery man as he gave the boy a few raisins with worms in, that he couldn't sell, to keep him, "what about the prayer meeting?"

"O, I like to forgot. Well, pa and me went to prayer meeting, and ma came along afterwards with a deakin that is mashed on her, I guess, 'cause he says she is to be pitied for havin' to go through life yoked to such a old prize ox as pa. I heard him tell ma that, when he was helping her put on a rubber waterprivilege to go home in the rain the night of the sociable, and she looked at him just as she looks at me when she wants me to go down to the hair foundry after her switch, and said, 'O, you dear brother!' and all the way home he kept her waterprivilege on by putting his arm on the small of her back. Ma asked pa if he didn't think the deakin was real kind, and pa said, 'yes, dam kind!' but that was afore he got 'ligion. We sat in the pew, at the prayer meeting, next to ma and the deakin, and there was lots of pious folks all around there. After the preacher had gone to bat, and an old lady had her innings a prayer, and the singers had got out on the first base, pa was on deck, and the preacher said they would like to hear from the recent convert, who was trying to walk in the straight and narrow way, but who found it so hard owing to the many crosses he had to bear. Pa knowed it was him that had to go to bat, and he got up and said he felt it was good to be there. He said he didn't feel that he was a full-sized Christian yet, but he was getting in his work the best he could. He said at times everything looked dark to him, and he feared he should falter by the way side, but by a firm resolve he kept his eyes set on the future; and if he was tempted to do wrong he said get thee behind me satan, and he stuck in his toe nails for a pull for the right. He said he was thankful to the brothers and sisters, particularly the sisters, for all they had done to make his burden light and hoped to meet them all in — —. When pa got as far as that he sort of broke down, I suppose he was going to say heaven, though after a few minutes they all thought he wanted to meet them in a saloon. When his eyes begun to leak, pa put his hand in his tail pocket for his handkerchief, and got hold of it, and gave it a jerk, and out came the handkerchief, and the cards. Well, if he had shuffled them, and ma had cut them, and he had delt six hands, they couldn't have been dealt any better. They flew into everybody's lap. The deakin that was with ma got the jack of spades and three aces and a duce, and ma got some nine spots and a king of hearts, and ma nearly fainted, cause she didn't get a better hand, I spose. The preacher got a pair of duces, and a queen of hearts, and he looked up at pa as though it was a misdeal, and an old woman who sat across the aisle, she only got two cards, but that was enough. Pa didn't see what he had done at first, cause he had the handkerchief over his eyes, but when he smelled the rum on it, he took it away, and then he saw everybody discarding, and he thought he had struck a poker game, and he looked around as though he was mad cause they didn't deal him a hand. The minister adjourned the prayer meeting and whispered to pa, and everybody went out holding their noses on account of pa's fumery, and when pa came home he asked ma what he should do to be saved. Ma said she didn't know. The deakin told her pa seemed to be wedded to his idols. Pa said the deakin better run his own idols, and pa would run his. I don't know how it is going to turn out, but pa says he is going to stick to the church.—*Peck's Sun.*

A FATAL MISTAKE.

HOW A BLUNDERING JUDGMENT MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MOST SERIOUS RESULTS.

Mr. Edwin Booth said recently that he supposed his lungs were affected, having a persistant cough until he saw Dr. Mackenzie, of London, who found that this symptom arose from a disturbance of the liver.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The above item, which has been going the rounds of the press, is of no special significance other than to the personal friends of Mr. Booth, except that it brings to light a truth of the greatest importance to the world. Few people pass through life without the affliction of a cough at some point in their career. In most cases this is considered the result of a cold or the begining of consumption, and thousands have become terrified at this revelation and have sought by a change of air and the use of cough remedies to avert the impending disaster. It may safely be said that more than half the coughs which are afflicting the world to day do not have their origin in the lungs but are the result of more serious troubles in other organs of the body. "Liver coughs" are exceedingly common and yet are almost wholly misunderstood. Arising from a disordered state of the liver they show their results by congesting the lungs. In fact, the efforts of the liver to throw off the disease, produce coughing even when the lungs themselves are in a healthy state.

But it is a mistake to suppose that such delicate tissues as the lungs can long remain in a healthy condition when they are being constantly agitated by coughing. Such a theory would be absurd. Consumption, which was feared at first, is certain to take place unless something is done to check the cause. This must be plain to every thoughtful mind. It stands to reason, therefore, that the only way in which "liver coughs" can be removed is by restoring the liver to health.

In this connection another fact of great importance becomes known, which can best be explained by the relation of an actual event. Mr. W——, a wealthy cattle dealer of Colorado, became greatly reduced in health and came east to Chicago for the purpose of being cured. He consulted Dr. J——, one of the leading physicians of the country on pulmonic subjects and began treatment for the cure of his lungs. But his cough increased while his strength decreased. Finally he determined to consult another physician and applied to Dr. B——. After a careful examination he was informed that his lungs was perfectly sound, while his kidneys were in a most terrible condition. He had all the apparent symptoms of consumption but he was suffering from the terrible Bright's disease. The Symptoms of consumption are often the sure indications of Bright's disease.

The above truths regarding coughs have been known by the leading physicians for several years but the public have never been informed of them. They are serious facts, however, and should be understood by all, so that dangers which might otherwise prove fatal may be avoided. They clearly prove one great truth which is, that the kidneys and liver are such vital organs that their health should be constantly guarded. The distressing, hacking cough, which is often dreaded as the forerunner of consumption and the wasting strength which accompanies it, in all probability may arise from weakened diseased kidneys or liver, to restore which would cause returning health. How this most desirable end may be attained has long been a problem, but few people of intelligence at the present day have longer any doubts that the popular remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has done more to correct, relieve and restore these organs than any other preparations ever before known. There are hundreds of instances which have occurred within the past three months where individuals have believed themselves the victims of consumption, when, in reality it was deranged kidneys and liver, which this remarkable medicine has completely cured, as witness the following statement

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 6, 1882.—I believe it to be a fact that thousands of cases of so called consumption can be successfully treated by simply using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure as directed. I was one of the "given up to die" persons—had every symptom of the last stage of consumption—bad cough of four years standing, night sweats, chills, etc., etc. A season south did no good, and the fact was the case looked discouraging. I took Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and in three months I regained over twenty pounds, and my health was fully restored.

W. C. BEACH,
Foreman Buffalo Rubber Type Foundry.

There are thousands of people in America to-day who believe they are the victims of consumption and destined to an earley grave and who are trying to save themselves by the use of consumption cures but are growing worse each hour. Let all such persons stop, and calmly consider whether they are not seeking to check a disease in the lungs when it is located in the kidneys and liver. Let them then treat the disease in its original stronghold and by the remedy which has been proven to be the most effective and then look for the return of health and happiness which such treatment is sure to bring.

MISSCELANEOUS.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

[illegible]

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

Jos. McCawley.

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For Your
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots & Shoes, Etc.
He keeps on hand the best goods the markets afford. Also Proprietor of
SMETHPORT GRIST MILL.
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of the very best quality at the very lowest prices. Custom work done on short notice.
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SASH FACTORY!
Near the McKean & Buffalo Depot.
Sash, Doors and Blinds,
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Brackets, Planing, Turning, Etc.,
On Hand and Furnished at Short Notice.
J. C. Strong, Prop'r.

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Parties desiring single or double rigs for Pleasure or Business Purposes can be furnished at any time with
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Put money in your purse and come to my store where you can buy goods cheap.
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Any time.
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At my store in Colegrove. I invite an examination and inspection.
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That's the question. Why buy of me? Well, because in justice to yourselves, friends and families.
Goods are all Marked in Plain Figures.
I can sell you better Goods and Cheaper than any other dealer in this Valley.
C. M. COLEGROVE.
Colegrove, Pa. Sept. 26, 1881-6m.

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39-3m

Agents Wanted. The Culminating Triumph
HOW to LIVE!
A complete Cyclopedia of household knowledge [illegible] W. H. Thompson, Publisher, 404 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
No 39-3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

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FURNITURE STORE!
Specht & Sasse
We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with
FURNITURE
of all kinds and of
PRICE AND QUALITY
to suit the purchaser.
Undertaking in all its branches.
Full and Complete Line of
WALL PAPER!
Constantly on Hand.
Friends and patrons are invited
CALL AND SEE US
in our location, and
Look at our Stock
SPECHT & SASSE,
Main St., Smethport, Pa.

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OPENING!
1882.
JOSEPH & DORNBERG,
NO. 30 MAIN STREET,
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Have Just Opened the Largest and Most omplete Stock of
Boys' and Childrens'
CLOTHING
To be found anywhere. Their stock of
GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS,
IS IMMENSE.
Those preferring garments made to order can be accommodated, as a large stock of Foreign and Domestic piece goods is always on hand, and good fits guaranteed.
Joseph & Dornberg,
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"LITTLE BRAD FAUNCE"
Has opened an establishment for the sale of Good and Pure
LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS,
at No. 175 Union Street, (Wright Block, near the B., N. Y. & P. Depot)
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Where he will be happy to meet his many friends and the public generally.
19-6m B. E. FAUNCE.

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Gas and Steam Fitting.
As the citizens of Smethport are about to introduce water into their streets.
IRLBACKER & DAVIS,
No. 503 Main Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
—AND—
IRLBACKER, DAVIS & CO.,
No. 144 Union Street,
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Offer their services to do anything desired in the line of Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting, guaranteeing the best possible work and materials at the lowest possible prices.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

LARABEE GREENHOUSE,
has more plants than ever, and finer.
Winter Blooming Plants
IN MANY VARIETIES.
Cut Flowers to Order or in Designs.

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PE-RU-NA
This is a new remedy, originally prescribed [illegible] S. B. Hartman, M. D., of 87 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., [illegible] MANALIN [illegible]
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INVARIABLY
Gives Immediate Relief and Cure
IN THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS:
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SICK HEADACHE,
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SCIATIC RHEUMATISM,
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IS A
GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
IS THE BEST OF TONICS,
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All CONTAGIOUS DISEASES
Read what Others say.
Wm. Fly, New Bridge, N. J., says: "Asiatic Ague Cure entirely cured me of Chills and Fever [illegible]"
[illegible]
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Ask your Druggist for Asiatic Ague Cure.
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Apr. 6, '82-1y.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

B. N. Y & P. R. R.—CLERMONT BRANCH.

L'v Northw'd P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	L'v Southw'd A. M.	P. M.
[illegible]	[illegible]	Larrabees	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Frisbee	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Farmers Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Crosby	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Colegrove	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hamlin	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Wernwag	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Clermont	[illegible]	[illegible]

BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD Time Table. Takes effect Wednesday, September 13, 1882.

SOUTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	7 a. m.	3 p. m.	11 p. m.
Bradford Dep	7 15	1 45	[illegible]
Erie Crossing	[illegible]	1 47	[illegible]
Tarport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chapin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hazlewood	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Forest	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Taylor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kinzua Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Allens	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Aiken	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Davis Switch	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Vleck's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Simpson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ormsby's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Cut	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Smethport Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NORTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	10 a. m.	14 a. m.	12 p. m.
Smethport Dep	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Cut	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ormsby's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Simpson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Vleck	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Davis Switch	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Aiken	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Allens	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kinzua Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Taylor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Forest	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hazlewood	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chapin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tarport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Erie Crossing	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bradford Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains will be run by New York time.

During Court week the 4:30 p. m. train will be held at Smethport until 4:30 p. m.

All Passenger Trains make direct connections at Kinzua Junction with trains to and from Kane City and Bordell.

SUNDAY TRAIN leave Bradford at [illegible] m. and arrives at Smethport at [illegible]. Leave Smethport at 9:33 a. m., and arrives at Bradford at 11:05.

B. C. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R'y.

Trains Run on Buffalo Time.

NO SUNDAY TRAINS.

NORTHWARD a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Ebenezer	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Spring Brook	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Elma	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Jamison	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	East Aurora	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Wales	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Holland	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Protection	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	S. & R. R. R. Jun.	[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arcade	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Yorkshire	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Machias June.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Franklinville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Ischua	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Hinsdale	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Erie Rly Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Olean	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Weston's	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Portville	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Eldred	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Larrabees	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Sartwell	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Turtle Point	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Liberty	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Keating	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Shippen	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	Emporium	[illegible]	[illegible]	
p.m.	a. m.		Lv. Ar.	p. m.	p. m.	

CONNECTIONS.

At Buffalo, with all Railroads diverging.
At S. & R. Rly Junction, with S. & R. Rly.
At Machias Junc., with Rochester & Pitts. R. R.
At Erie Rly Junc., with N. Y., L. E. & W. Rly.
At Olean, with O. B. & W. Rly. for Bradford.
At Eldred, with K. & E. Rly. for Bradford.
At Larrabees, with McKean & Buffalo Rly.
At Emporium, with Philadelphia & E. Rly.

Train leaving Buffalo at 3 p. m. makes direct connections at Emporium for points South and East. Through Sleeping Car from Emporium.

WM. S. BALDWIN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent. GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen. Supt.

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